

# The Musical World.

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A RECORD OF MUSIC, THE DRAMA, LITERATURE, FINE ARTS, FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE, &c.

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## NOTICE.

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## GOETHE'S EPICRAMS FROM VENICE—(1790.)

IN ELEGIAC VERSE.

Money spent, and time as well—  
How—this little book will tell.

XCIX.

MANY a time have I wander'd, and always my path have recover'd;  
But never better than now—now is this damsel my joy!  
Is this also an error? Then spare me, ye gods! who are wiser;  
Till I reach yon cold shore, waken me not to the truth. J. O.

## ERNST.

THIS celebrated violinist has lately received the Order of the *Faucon Blanc* (the Grand Falcon) from the Grand Duke of Saxe Weimar. This is the third decoration with which Ernst has been honoured. The other two are—the Order of the *Dannebrog*, from the King of Denmark, and the Grand Golden Medal for the Arts and Sciences, from the King of Hanover. If orders could ennoble talent, Ernst has enough of them; but in this instance it is the talent that ennoble the orders.

## VIARDOT GARCIA.

PAULINE VIARDOT GARCIA arrived in London on Saturday last. She was at Her Majesty's Theatre on Thursday evening, looking in excellent health and spirits. After Sontag sang the "Una voce," she left and went to Covent Garden, to hear Grisi in the *Huguenots*. Next week we shall have the pleasure of recording her first appearance this season, and we have no doubt, one of her greatest triumphs at the Royal Italian Opera. The *Prophète* is now in active rehearsal, and will be ready by Thursday, or Saturday at farthest. We look forward to the production of Meyerbeer's work with the more pleasure, since it will afford us an opportunity of seeing and hearing one of the greatest artists of modern times.

## HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

SATURDAY evening, July the 7th, 1849, will be long memorable in the annals of Her Majesty's Theatre, for the re-appearance of Sontag, after a secession of nearly twenty years from the stage. We cannot call to mind any parallel event in the history of the Drama or the Opera. We could point to several cases, where an actor or a singer had returned, after a retirement of several years, to the theatre of former glories; but these were under very peculiar circumstances, and totally distinct from those under which the celebrated *cantatrice* has come back to the scene of her early triumphs.

Sontag withdrew from the stage in the very meridian blaze of her fame, and the zenith of her powers—nay, not in the zenith of her powers, for she was then at an age when no artist on record had ever reached the culminating point of excellence, witness Pasta, Catalani, Malibran, Grisi, or Pauline Garcia\*—and retired into private life at a period when many other singers of celebrity were but beginning to make themselves known to fame. Whether, with her powers and abilities, Sontag would have surpassed the accomplishments of her younger days, it is not easy to determine. If, as we are informed, her singing was at that time nothing short of perfection, she must have arrived at the highest point of excellence in her style; but as perfection does not necessarily imply greatness, it must still remain a question beyond the possibility of solution, whether, had Sontag remained on the stage, she would ever have reached the supremacy which some of the favoured few have attained.

But it is not with what Sontag might have accomplished, had she remained on the stage, that we have to do, for we deem all such speculation idle and useless; nor is it with what she has been that we feel called upon to employ our critical pen, for our memory of her previous performances is faint at the best; but simply with the occurrences of last Saturday night, when the fair artist appeared before an anxious and expectant audience, many of whom must have remembered her in the heyday of her glory, some of whom had heard her, but had retained feeble recollections, and others, among the junior visitors, were yet unborn when her voice last resounded in Her Majesty's Theatre.

The character Madame Sontag chose for her first appearance was Linda, in Donizetti's opera of *Linda di Chamouni*, one of the least interesting of all that composer's numerous works. It is a part, which, in a musical, or at least a vocal point of view, offers but few features of interest to the artist. The introduced cavatina, "O luce di quest' anima," exhibits the florid powers of the singer, and the duet with the Count requires energy and dramatic feeling; but in all the remaining portion of Linda's music we find nothing that is not feeble, or, at least, trite and common-place. That Madame Sontag should have selected a part for her *début* so musically uninteresting, and one in which she had never previously appeared, was a matter of no small surprise, the more especially as it was confidently anticipated she would have made her *entrée* as Desdemona in Rossini's *Otello*, which, as we are given to understand, is one of the celebrated artist's most effective parts. But the rôle of Linda, dramatically speaking, is not devoid of interest, and is excellently adapted for displaying the talents of an actress in the domestic line. It was, perhaps, for this reason, that Madame Sontag made choice of the character of Linda for her appearance on Saturday evening.

Madame Sontag's reception was one of the most enthusiastic

\* Alboni alone can be cited as an example.—Ed.

ever awarded to an artist at Her Majesty's Theatre, and was perhaps more general than any conferred on the Swedish Nightingale herself. There was not a single hand which did not applaud, nor a solitary voice which did not uplift itself in welcome, as the fair and gracious artist stepped forward on the stage. Indeed it could not be otherwise. Independent of Madame Sontag's great reputation as a singer, her character in every phase of life has been the universal theme of admiration. Nor was this derived from the hedge-firing puffs of journals, which blazoned forth her acts of benevolence, and made every *denier* she gave away the subject of hyperbolic eulogy, but from the relation of eye-witnesses, who saw, and could not help seeing, the sweetest charities of life dispensed with a gentle and munificent hand, and emanating from a heart that looked for nothing beyond self-gratification. Then, too, the circumstances which brought back Madame Sontag to the stage, could not fail to throw around her the deepest interest. The feeling in the audience on Saturday night, consequently, amounted to unusual excitement, and the fair artist herself was overwhelmed with her reception, even to tears. Her first notes were listened to with breathless attention, and a burst of genuine applause followed her first cadence in the recitative. Throughout the entire performance Madame Sontag elicited unbounded applause, till at the end she created a perfect *furor*. She was called for twice after each act, and each time she appeared the stage was covered with bouquets.

Madame Sontag's voice is of a peculiar character. It is neither rich nor brilliant, nor does it possess that openness of sound so peculiar to the Italian singers. In the lower register the notes are somewhat throaty, but not so much so as those of the Swedish Nightingale. The middle notes are clear and pure, and deliciously in tune. In compass and power of voice, though a real *soprano*, Madame Sontag cannot be compared either to Persiani or Jenny Lind; of course we speak of what her voice now is, without any reference to by-gone times. But whatever deficiency may attach to these essentials is more than made amends for by the exquisite grace, delicacy, and purity of her style, of which the most prominent characteristics are simplicity, expressiveness, and an ease which the *Times* has very aptly designated as "bird-like." In the choice of *cadenzas*, Madame Sontag did not, on this occasion, exhibit that profuseness of invention which we had anticipated; but what she attempted was accomplished to the highest perfection, and the one *cadenza* at the conclusion of the recitative of the *cavatina*, although not strikingly new, was irresistible, from the liquid freshness of the voice and the unaffected grace with which it was executed. The *cavatina* was quite enough to satisfy the audience that nearly twenty years' absence from the stage had not succeeded in robbing her voice of its beauty, or her talent of its refinement and facility. Madame Sontag was too much overcome, however, to accept the unanimous encore that followed the *cabaletta*, and contented herself with saluting the audience. The duet with Carlo (Sig. Gardoni), "A consolarmi," was very ably executed by both artists, Madame Sontag's performance shining more for its grace and tenderness than for energy or intense feeling.

The second act is less favorable to the particular talent of Madame Sontag. It requires a dramatic power which we have never noticed in any representative of Linda, from Madame Persiani (the original) down to Miss Catherine Hayes, who made her successful *début*, this season, in the part, at the Royal Italian Opera. The two duets with Pierotto, (Mlle. Casloni), and Antonio (Sig. Coletti), are purely acting duets, and there

is little occasion for the display of vocal fluency. The duet with Carlo was judiciously omitted. The final air, "Non non e ver," (when Linda has lost her reason) requires immense physical power as well as great dramatic fervency, and these were never a part of Madame Sontag's delicious talent. Moreover, the ascending scales *di bravoure* go up too high for the present register of her voice; but this was skilfully remedied in the orchestra by Mr. Balfe, ever alive to the interest of his artists, and anxious to make them display their abilities to the fullest and most brilliant advantage—an invaluable quality in a *chef d'orchestre*.

The third act was faultless in all that regarded vocalisation. The return to reason was acted with grace and nature, and the final *rondo* (an air, we believe by Mercadante, interpolated), a sparkling though not very striking composition, was vocalised with the most delicate neatness and a fluency that has rarely been equalled. The cheering and applause with which this was received were enthusiastic and general. Madame Sontag was forced to repeat the *rondo*, and this put the seal upon one of the most successful *rentrées* (*début* is not the word) in our memory of operatic affairs.

The cast of the other parts was excellent. Coletti's Antonio is one of the best we ever saw upon the stage. He sang the opening air, "Ambo nati," superbly, displaying his fine voice to infinite advantage; expression and execution were equally irreproachable. The great scene of the second act, where Antonio rejects Linda and visits her with his malediction, was forcibly acted by Coletti, and the phrase which accompanies the throwing down the purse of money sung with great power and feeling.

Gardoni sang the aria of Carlo delightfully, and gave an ideal grace to the part which robbed it of all its insipidity. The voice of this admirable young tenor is one of the sweetest and most capable that exists, and appears to be gaining still more power and volume than it formerly had. Nothing could be more touching and expressive than Gardoni's acting in the last scene, when Linda, restored to her native village, gradually recovers her wandering senses.

Mdlle. Casloni, who played Pierotto, has a nice voice of the purest *contralto* quality, and sings with feeling and intelligence. She has yet much to acquire as a vocalist, but being evidently very young, we have no doubt will be diligent and zealous enough to acquire it.

On Tuesday Madame Sontag repeated Linda, with confirmed success, and on Thursday appeared as Rosina, in the *Barbiere*, the part in which she first appealed to a London audience, and to which, according to tradition, she was in no small degree indebted for her very great reputation. Since Sontag left the stage the character of Rosina has been assumed by various artists, with different degrees of success. Malibran, Grisi, Persiani, and, more lately, Alboni and Angri, have all achieved laurels as the heroine of the *Barbiere*. Rossini wrote the part for a *mezzo-soprano*, and the music must of course suffer by transposition when assigned to a *soprano*. Malibran, Alboni, and Angri alone left the score as the composer wrote it. Grisi transposed the "Una voce" a note higher than the original key, but sang the rest of the music as it is written. Persiani was compelled to supply the composer's intentions from the resources of her own imagination. It will readily be granted that Rossini must suffer to a certain extent when his music is meddled with; and therefore, when a high *soprano* like Persiani or Sontag essays the part of Rosina, the lover of the *Maestro* is not so entirely pleased as when his score is rendered in its integrity. The duet "Dunque io son," the *terzetto* "Zitti, zitti," and, still more, the trio

"Ah! qual colpo," suffer materially by modifications and alterations of the original. Madame Sontag, like Grisi, sings the "Una voce" in F instead of E, and, like Persiani, is compelled to alter all the passages in the duet and trio above named. In the "Una voce," a song which stands apart from the score, as it were, the transposition is hardly felt as an alteration; but in the other portions of the opera, any infringement on the composer is of consequence. We have entered upon these remarks merely to show why Madame Sontag cannot possibly produce the same sustained effect throughout the music of the *Barbiere* which she is capable of doing in operas written for her peculiar character of voice.

Madame Sontag sang the "Una voce" with infinite grace and delicacy, and although the cadences—original and ingenious as they were, and executed with singular fluency—were scattered so profusely as completely to bury the melody of Rossini, brilliant as it is as he wrote it, she produced a marked sensation. The duet with Figaro, "Dunque Io son," in which Rossini's score was treated with no less indiscriminate independence, was so sweetly warbled, and the passages so neatly articulated and staccato'd, that it was loudly encored. We must pass by the remainder of the first act, in which nothing presented itself which calls for particular remark.

It was not, however, to Rossini that Madame Sontag was indebted for her triumph of Thursday night. The lesson song at the piano has always afforded the interpreter of Rosina an opportunity of introducing a vocal *moreau* which will best display her artistic powers to advantage; and certainly Madame Sontag, in selecting Rode's air and variations, found one wonderfully suited to exhibit the charms and peculiar beauties of her style to perfection. The theme was given much slower than usual, but with a suavity not easy to be surpassed; and the variations, especially the last (that with the *arpeggio* and chromatic scales) were executed with extraordinary facility and precision. Madame Sontag in this variation excited a perfect *furor*. She was encored twice, and a large section of the audience appeared so delighted that they would have gone on encoring the fair actress *ad infinitum*, were it not for the interference of the more feeling and less selfish of her hearers. The execution of this variation we have never heard excelled in neatness, delicacy, and precision, and it was the more grateful to the ear, since, in the scale passages, Madame Sontag indulged in those gradations of colouring and intensity, without which the most perfect *mezza voce* singing is liable to become monotonous. Since Alboni first sang the "Brindisi," from *Lucrezia*, in London, we can recollect no single song having produced such a true *furor* as Rode's air with variations, executed by Madame Sontag on Thursday night. Moreover, the sensation created was quite as hearty, real, and unanimous, as that excited by Madame Sontag's accomplished cotemporary.

In her acting, Madame Sontag, as the *Times* justly observes, discards the mischievous side of Rosina's character, and develops the gentle and graceful. But this seems to be the nature of the woman, no less than of the artist, and why should we object to it?

Madame Sontag wore a splendid white satin robe, or skirt, trimmed with scarlet silk net or trellice work, forming two deep flounces. The body was a stomacher of scarlet cloth and white satin, trimmed with gold, elegantly and elaborately braided. The fair artist had white satin shoes. The dress, which was worn low, was exceedingly splendid and becoming to the person, but scarcely appropriate for a young lady circumstanced like Rosina, who was kept under such strict *surveillance* by a jealous and watchful guardian; nor indeed for

any young lady, unless she was bound for a *fête* or a carnival ball.

Madame Sontag's Rosina has entirely confirmed the success of her Linda, and that is saying not a little.

Of Lablache's Bartolo, irresistible, genuine, and incomparable,—of Gardoni's natural and sparkling Almaviva,—of Belletti's Figaro, and of F. Lablache's Basilio, we have spoken over and over again. Each was more than himself on this occasion, and Balfe and his orchestra seemed to be inspired with new energy.

The house was again crowded with aristocrats of every coronet. Madame Sontag repeats Rosina to-night.

The ballet has been invariably the new production of M. Taglioni, *Les plaisirs de L'Hiver, ou Les Patineurs*, in which Rosati and Charles dance well, M. Taglioni skates well, and the chorographs and supernumeraries throw about the snow-balls with admirable confusion.

#### ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

On Saturday the *Lucrezia Borgia* was repeated; on Tuesday the *Lucia*, with Catherine Hayes, Mario, and Tamburini; and on Thursday the *Huguenots*, for the tenth time, being for Grisi's benefit. These performances demand no remarks. Thursday night was one of the most brilliant of the season, and Grisi was fêted in the most enthusiastic manner. When she and Mario were re-called at the end of the third act, after the grand duet, the quantity of bouquets thrown on the stage was so great, that Mario, who picked them up, found much difficulty in carrying them off. He looked like a perambulating flower garden. The only drawback to the performance of the *Huguenots* was the absence of Madame Dorus Gras, which necessitated the omission of all the Queen's music. This was a serious loss. The usual encores were awarded to Angri in her Cavalier song, and to the last movement of the blessing of the Poignards chorus.

On Friday morning (yesterday week) the fourth and last grand concert took place, and was attended by a large crowd of fashionables. Several of the vocalists were hindered from appearing by illness, and the programme was weakened in consequence. Among the vocal *moreaux* which were most favorably received, we may notice the duet, "Scendi nel piccol," from the *Donna del Lago*, by Grisi and Mario; the duet from the *Nozze di Figaro*, "Sull' aria," for Grisi and Persiani; (by the way, we were delighted to see the charming Persiani after her last appearance on the stage, and hope we may have the pleasure of seeing numerous more such last appearances); the quartet from *Puritani*, "A te o cara," sung by Grisi, Mario, Tagliafico, and Ciabatta; Angri's "Ah! quel giorno," from *Semiramide*; Persiani's cavatina, "Perche non ho," from the *Lucia*; Madlle. de Meric's "Deh non voler," from *Anna Bolena*; Tamburini's "Vi ravisso," from *Sonnambula*; and Vincent Wallace's new ballad—a most graceful and tender one, by the way—"Why do I weep for thee?" by Miss Catherine Hayes. All these were greatly applauded, and the two duets and Wallace's ballad encored. The vocal absentees were Madlle. Corbari, and the Signori Salvi and Marini, Sims Reeves, and Massol.

The instrumental section provided some novelties. An instrumental duet for two pianofortes, composed by Mr. G. Osborne, on airs from the *Huguenots*, was capitally performed by Messrs. Lindsay Sloper and Osborne. It was received with much applause. M. de Munck, a violoncellist of high repute from Brussels, played a fantasia founded on themes from the *Barbiere*. He is an exceedingly clever performer; and, although scarcely remarkable for sweetness or power of



tone, his execution is peculiarly neat and finished, and his style thoroughly artistic. He was loudly applauded in several very difficult passages, which he mastered with the utmost ease and precision. The performance, however, would have proved infinitely more interesting had it been much shorter.

M. Apollinaire de Kontski, the Prussian violinist, of whom we made mention in our notice of Madame Dulcken's concert, played twice in his own peculiar and decidedly original style. We have nothing particular to add to our former expressions of the new violinist's pretensions. His playing is entirely *sui generis*, and can be referred to no earthly standard.

Two choruses were sung: the Invocation of the Dervishes, from Beethoven's *Ruins of Athens*, a marvellous and mystic inspiration, and the Prayer from *Masaniello*. Both were splendidly executed. The band played three overtures—the *Oberon*, *Leonora*, and *Men of Prometheus*—with immense effect.

These concerts, if continued, will tend to create and foster a taste for instrumental music among the general mass of concert-goers, for which reason, we trust, they will not be let die. With the magnificent resources of the Royal Italian Opera company, the morning concerts may be made features scarcely less attractive than the evening entertainments. Nevertheless they are not as good as they might be.

#### SIGNORI MARCHESI AND TESEO.

THESE gentlemen, Italian professors of the vocal art, the former a barytone and the latter a tenor, both artists of talent, gave a musical *matinée* on Tuesday, at the Beethoven Rooms, in Harley Street, which were filled with a fashionable and distinguished audience; among whom were Mrs. Milner Gibson, Madlle. Anichini, and other well-known amateurs of high life. The programme was well selected, and, though the music was almost entirely from the Italian repertoire, varied in such a manner as to be really interesting.

Signor Teseo demands the first notice in his capacity of *tenore*, since the *tenore*, like the *soprano* in the female voice, takes precedence among male organs. Signor Teseo has a voice which in tone is original, in power remarkable, and in compass considerable. It has both sweetness and force, and the one does not deteriorate from the other, Signor Teseo having the art of combining the effects deducible from either quality with the most felicitous result. Added to a method of vocalising which may reasonably be traced to the renowned school of Crescentini the teacher, and Pacchierotti the disciple, (whence have sprung up a hundred notables from the Land of Song,) Signor Teseo possesses a vigor of style that may be pronounced instinctive, and a manner of phrasing no less large and open than it is rounded and finished. *Bref*, he is a singer of whom, though hitherto from lack of opportunity we have heard little, we are likely hereafter to hear much more. The pieces chosen by Signor Teseo to display his accomplishments were well adapted for that purpose, and it was difficult to say whether he produced most effect in the *romanza*, "All' eta dell' innocenza," from Mercadante's opera *Il Bravo*, or in the duet, "Quando di' sangue," from Donizetti's *Belisario*, (with Signor Marchesi,) with so much zeal did he interpret both, and with so much warmth was he applauded in either. To conclude, Signor Teseo, who shortly leaves for Milan, may, without egotism, recount to his friends that his pretensions were fully appreciated by the London connoisseurs, at his *matinée* in M. Julien's elegant and aristocratic music-rooms.

Signor Marchesi was also highly successful. This gentleman's voice is not merely a barytone, but a barytone of vigor and agreeable quality. He sings openly, from the chest, and expresses both his words and his music with emphasis, distinctness, and appropriate feeling. Signor Marchesi also chose an air, "Dell' vita nel sentiero," from the *Bravo*, of which opera so much has not been heard for some period, as well as a duet with Madlle. L. Corbari, (sister of the Corbari,) and the duet with Signor Teseo, of which we have already spoken. Besides these, Signor Marchesi took part

with Madlle. Vera, Signori Cellini and Ciabatta, in the quartet "Chi mi frena," from *Lucia*, distinguishing himself prominently, and receiving well-directed plaudits in every *morceau*.

Of the rest of the programme our limits compel us to speak shortly. Among the lady artists we heard with pleasure Madlle. L. Corbari, who has a beautiful *mezzo soprano* voice, with much of the richness of the *contralto*. Madlle. L. Corbari sang an air by Mercadante, "Ali s' estinto," from Mercadante's *Donna Caritea*, with a genial warmth of expression and considerable vocal fluency. She has all the promise of becoming an excellent singer, and was encouraged by the warm approval of her hearers. The other vocalists were Madlle. Angri, who sang twice, with her usual fire and brilliancy; Madlle. Vera, who gave an air from *La Favorita* with great feeling; Signor Cellini and Ciabatta, who were of essential service in the concerted music. Signor Bottesini executed one of his marvellous solos on the double-bass; and the clever, *spirituelle*, and charming Hélène Stöpel played a brilliant duet on the pianoforte, by Vincent Wallace, in which she was accompanied by the composer, both artists exhibiting a talent equally remarkable for brilliancy and style. The accompanists were Signori Torrente, Bellini, Biletta, Pinsuti, and Vera, who exhibited various degrees of accomplishment.

Altogether, the concert of Signori Marchesi and Teseo gave entire satisfaction to their friends.

#### THE "EUTERPE" OF HERODOTUS.

TRANSLATED, WITH NOTES.

(Continued from page 421.)

XXXVIII.—THEY consider that bulls belong to Epaphus(a), and on this account they examine them thus: if only as much as one black hair is found upon it, it is not considered pure. One of the priests, who is appointed for this very purpose, makes the examination. The beast is examined upright and on its back, and its tongue is drawn out to see if it is free from the prescribed signs, as I shall describe in another place. He also inspects the hair of the tail to see if they grow naturally. If the bull is found to be pure in all these respects, the priest marks it by twisting byblus round the horns. Then, sticking on a piece of the earth used for sealing, he presses it with his finger (b). When the bull is thus marked it is led to the altar. The sacrifice of one without a mark is prohibited, under penalty of death. Such is the manner in which these animals are examined.

XXXIX. Their sacrifices are performed in this way:—Leading the marked animal to the altar, where they sacrifice, they kindle a fire. Then, pouring wine upon it and over the victim, they put the victim to death, after invoking the god. Having killed it, they cut off the head, and flay the body. Calling down many imprecations upon this head, they carry it to the market, if they have one, and there are any Greek merchants among them, and sell it to these; where there are no Greeks, they throw it into the river. In cursing the heads, those who sacrifice pray that any evil which might fall either on themselves or on Egypt generally may be averted and fall upon this head (c). As far as concerns the heads of the animals and the libation of wine, all the Egyptians use the same regulations for all their sacrifices, and it is in consequence of this usage that no Egyptian ever tastes the head of any animal whatever.

XL. However, the examination of the entrails and the mode of burning the victim vary, according to the nature of the sacrifice.

I am now going to speak of the goddess they deem the greatest, and of the greatest feast which they celebrate. When they flay the bull, having prayed, they clear out the abdomen, but leave the entrails and the fat in the body. The thighs, the upper part of the haunches, the shoulders, and the neck,

they cut off, and when they have done this, they fill the rest of the body with pure (unleavened?) bread, honey, raisins, and figs, besides frankincense, myrrh, and other odoriferous substances. Having filled the body with these, they burn it, pouring upon it a great quantity of oil. They prepare themselves for sacrifice by fasting. While the victim is burning, they all strike themselves, and when they have ceased striking themselves, they serve up what remains of the sacrifice as a feast.

## NOTES.

(a) Epaphus was the son of Io, and the Greeks, with their wonted predilection for finding their own deities everywhere, pretended he was the same as Apis, the divine bull of the Egyptians. However, the Egyptians themselves did not recognise this interpretation, but considered Apis much more ancient than Epaphus. Apis was a young bull, whose mother could not bear another, and was considered to be engendered by a flash of lightning. His hide was black; he had a white triangle on his forehead, the figure of an eagle on his back, and that of a beetle under his tongue.

(b) According to Plutarch, the earth was impressed with a seal, on which was engraved the figure of a man, with his hands tied behind him, and a sword suspended over his throat. The "other place" in which Herodotus describes the marks of the bull is supposed to be Book III., chap. 28; and, in that case, it is anticipated in the preceding note. The Egyptians, it is supposed, sacrificed none but red bulls; partly because the evil deity, Typhon, was red, partly because Apis was not. The examination of the tongue, if the reference here is to the passage in Book III., was to find out that the beast was not too holy to be immolated. A curious logic prevails in the law of sacrifice. Sometimes holiness, and sometimes the reverse, seems to direct the choice of the victim. By the way, we may recollect how the senses of "sacred" and "cursed" come together in the French word "*sacré*."

(c) Compare the scape goat of the Israelites. Also, observe how the Greek is the Gentile to the Egyptian. Selling the cursed head to a Greek was equivalent to pitching it into a river.

(To be continued.)

\*. Winckelmann's "*History of Ancient Art*" has been interrupted by an unavoidable accident, but will be continued in our next.

## SONNET.

NO. CCLXIII.

SOME type of heav'n! thou sacred Indolence!  
For a short while thine arms about me close,  
And let me on thy bosom taste repose,  
Till actuality shall pluck me thence;  
Let me lose all discriminating sense,  
Just vaguely feeling something o'er me glows—  
Just vaguely feeling life around me grows—  
Not asking or reflecting where or whence.  
Oh, it is hard the senses thus to steep  
In the soft Lethe, till their force is drown'd,  
And keep tranquillity secure within!  
The mind that sleeps without the body's sleep  
Is ever keen to catch the slightest sound  
That comes to warn its action should begin.

N. D.

## CATHEDRAL TRUSTS AND THEIR FULFILMENT.

By the Rev. ROBERT WHISTON, M.A., Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, and Head Master of the Cathedral Grammar School, Rochester. London: JOHN OLIVIER, 59, Pall Mall.

ECCLESIASTICAL and Educational questions are not generally within our province, but the present one is. The work placed at the head of our article shews in detail the mal-administration, the non-fulfilment, of cathedral trusts. It points out that the superior members of cathedral bodies have taken unfair advantage of the increased value of property, and decreased value of money; and that, whereas they have augmented their own stipends to a very large amount, they have either

not augmented at all, or, at any rate, not in anything like the same proportion, the stipends of the inferior members of their own body. Leaving, as not being *our* business, the rest, we will proceed to shew the effect of this dishonesty on the music of the cathedrals.

That which was once a maintenance to the minor canon or lay clerk, sufficient to give his position that dignity and comfort which the Christian church has always thought due to the position of the ministers of religion in a wealthy Christian land, is now so no longer, in consequence of the decreased value of money. Both reason and justice would demand that an increase should be made in their stipends—an increase proportioned to that made in the stipends of the deans and canons. But the damning array of facts brought forward by Mr. Whiston, proves that such has not been the case. Offices have been suppressed, and charges not paid; and all the money has been turned into the pockets of the superior members. As for the inferior, to make up for the want of proper stipends, they have been allowed to undertake other duties, to the manifest neglect of their only *real* duties. The minor canons have been allowed to hold livings, (it is a gross abuse for *any* of the members of cathedrals, superior or inferior, to hold livings) the lay clerks, to follow all sorts of extraneous pursuits, from singing at secular concerts, down to cobbling shoes! And the choristers, ay! even those tender-aged, but neglected and despised boys called choristers, ministers of the church in their degree every whit as much as the dignified prebendary, have been sold—we say it advisedly—by their brethren—sold, to iniquity and destruction. Yes! it is not only neglect of their temporal welfare which must be charged upon deans and chapters, but too often to these dignitaries must be laid the far more heavy charge of actively promoting the destruction, in *body and soul*, of the children committed to their care.

For, to increase the stipend of the singing-master (generally the organist), instead of supplying from their own funds a sum of money sufficient to support him in proper comfort and dignity, and to enable him cheerfully and conscientiously to give his best exertions to the training of his pupils, he has been in many cases allowed to use the vocal powers of the poor boys in promoting the after dinner dissipations of societies and corporations, himself receiving half their engagement. Independently of the meanness and injustice of the proceeding with reference to the master, it is fraught with incalculable danger to the moral welfare of the boys, and to send them out for such purposes, is a heinous sin against their souls. We quote a passage much to the purpose from a very excellent writer on this subject:—

"The evils are many and most serious, which arise from the custom of suffering choristers to prostitute their musical power to secular or convivial purposes. Not only does it teach them to forget the religious nature of the office for which they are set apart, and the claims of the society to which their talents are due, but also exposes them to temptations and corruptions which must make parents and true guardians tremble for their charge. At dinners and evening parties they meet with solicitations to excess, and opportunities of sensual indulgence, which are the more difficult to resist, because only occasionally offered, and which often lay the foundation of evil habits not easily shaken off in after life. At concerts they are in danger from society of which the morality is sometimes far from strict, and whose influence is rendered more seductive by their very similarity of gifts and sympathy of taste. And, as the best, the recollection of the circumstances and conversation of the previous evening is likely to induce a frame of mind by no means suited to the part they have to bear in the morning's service, besides the languor and inattention which follow from unusual stress on the vocal and bodily powers. It is a matter of experience, that, after such occasions, boys are often disorderly and indisposed to exertion in school, and, of course, still less in tune for church. Lastly, their passage home at

night must often lead them through streets which can hardly fail to bear some impure lesson to an unprotected boy.\*

—But the writer from whom we quote does not even now show all the evil; he might have added, that the morality of after-dinner conversation is too often (especially at public dinners) fearfully lax, interspersed with oaths and loose jests. Such conversation is never tolerated in the presence of ladies, and is it not a heinous sin to expose young boys to the contaminating influence?

"It ought," says the before-quoted writer, "to wring the heart of some in authority, if they be living and chance to read these words, when they are reminded how one, not very long ago, as he lay on his early death-bed, 'wearing the white robe still' (for he died a chorister), made it the theme of his daily lamentations that he had ever been a chorister, that he had been suffered to heap up wrath against the day of wrath, but having advantages thrust upon him, with no directions for their use, by irreverence in the compulsory, and, to the undisciplined, distasteful task of joining in the daily service of the Church."

Such a tale requires no comment. We are not ashamed to confess that we read it now, as we first read it a year ago, with involuntary tears in our eyes.

If it be urged that the parents of choristers can, if they see fit, interfere, we answer that such is, for the most part, the degraded state of the class, that none but those in very humble life will send their children to be choristers; and they, poor and ignorant, are too happy if the boys bring home a half-crown, or guinea, or whatever the case may be, to ask much about the character of the "gentlemen" who make such pleasant and profitable engagements. We have often asked the question of several of our most eminent musicians, our cathedral organists, and our cathedral clergy:—"Why don't you make your boys choristers?" The uniform answer has been that "they dared not." Aye! from the cathedral clergy themselves, and those of the highest cathedral rank responsible for their tender charge, we have had the answer that "they dared not make their own sons choristers in their own cathedrals!"

We gratefully acknowledge that recently there has been much improvement in the care of choristers in many places, but not a tithe has yet been done of what ought to be done. We, however, hope that many boys will be trained up to the musical and to other professions, to be virtuous and honourable men, in those places to which we allude. We are perfectly aware, having the happiness of personal friendship with several, that there are not a few good and truly Christian gentlemen, who have been educated as choristers, even under the system we have described; but we say of such that little thanks are due to their guardians, the deans and chapters. We are grieved to add, truth requiring it, that, according to our own experience, gained by most attentive and anxious enquiry into the subject, a large number of choristers, as they grow up, turn out badly; and this is the more fearful when we bear in mind that they are brought up with the praises of God constantly on their lips; they are the servants of the Sanctuary, and the especial children of the Lord.

Now this neglect of the choristers of cathedrals is, as it appears to us, only a necessary result of the dishonesty of deans and chapters in pecuniary matters (of course it is in itself a crying injustice); for they can only reconcile their misappropriations to their consciences by making those whom they so defraud of absolutely no account, despicable and beneath notice. The injury to the Church, to the country, to the musical profession, is great, but to the souls of the poor boys—O! how fearful.

\* Rev. J. E. Millard's "Historical Notices of Choristers," p. 5.

With respect to the present state of the lay-clerks, a late writer has said:—

"The functions of a lay vicar are such that no man could be dishonored by discharging them. Our Church offers but few invitations to those of her sons who have little relish for the smoke and stir of the world, to come out of it. The station of lay vicar is one which men of this stamp, properly fitted for it, might accept with joy of heart, whereas it is now only worthy the notice of a pauper. In some places (especially at the universities) the choirmen are permitted, in order to live, to be members of several different choirs. If they run about from one to another, it is easy to guess how the duty must be performed by over-tasked men; if it be partly entrusted to deputies, those persons should have the full appointments."

The state of cathedrals, as respects their music, is notorious; so is the cause; but the cause must be more known still before a remedy can be hoped for. We have said enough to give our readers an idea of it, and we earnestly recommend the subject to their attentive consideration. We forbear quoting from Mr. Whiston, as his work is but a short pamphlet, easy to be procured and to be read; but we call upon all to endeavour, each in his proper place, to remove this blot upon our character, no less as a Christian people than as a musical nation.

\* "An Apology for Cathedral Service," p. 43.

#### THE MUSICAL UNION.

THE programme of the eighth and last meeting of the fifth season was an attractive one, and the attendance was the fullest of the season. The large pieces were Mendelssohn's quartet in E flat, Op. 12; Beethoven's pianoforte sonata in F minor, Op. 57; and Onslow's quintet in D, No. 5. The quartet of Mendelssohn, although one of his earliest efforts, is marked by all the peculiarities of his manner, and ranks among his most beautiful works for the chamber. It was admirably played by Messrs. Sainton, Deloffre, Hill, and Piatti. Few modern violinists enter more heartily into the spirit of this refined class of music than M. Sainton, who, though a Frenchman, unites the fire and depth of the German players with the glowing expression of the Italians. The quartet was warmly received, and the *canzonetta* in G minor, a movement which may be regarded as the germ of many of those highly original and poetic *scherzos* which are to be found in the later works of Mendelssohn, and more than anything else are his exclusive property, was encored. The charming point for the tenor, at the end of the first phrase, was given by Mr. Hill with the greatest delicacy, and did not escape the marked approval of the connoisseurs.

The *Sonata Apassionata* is one of Beethoven's most profound inspirations, and is a good example of how the brilliant and *bravura* styles may be made subservient to the loftiest musical ends. One more thoroughly competent than Charles Hallé to conquer its difficulties with ease, and to give the utmost expression to its many and varied beauties of melody and harmony, could not readily be named. M. Hallé's performance was throughout masterly and finished, and was received with the applause it merited.

The quintet of Onslow, a work of great ingenuity, but, like the generality of this composer's efforts, destitute of character, laborious, and dry, was executed with admirable precision, and a happy attention to light and shade, by MM. Sainton, Deloffre, Hill, Piatti, and Bottesini. Highly as we are disposed to rate the talents of the last-named gentleman as a soloist, we can praise him still more unreservedly as an executant of concerted music, in which, though his remarkable mechanical dexterity may not have the same opportunity of displaying itself, his solid acquirements as a musician and a



legitimate performer on his instrument, are incontestably demonstrated. Piatti's violoncello playing was, as usual, perfect, both in the quartet and quintet. A solo on the *contrabasso*, by Signor Bottesini, and two choral quartets of Braun and Mendelssohn, by the Hungarian vocalists, the first very dull, and the last ("Jagers Abschied") very spirited and clever, effectively varied the concert.

Our *resumé* of the season will appear next week. We have much to say on the subject.

#### DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

##### HAYMARKET.

THE unpleasant little fact in worldly wisdom, that friends are abundant in prosperity and rare in adversity, has often been recorded, from the days of "Timon of Athens" inclusive; but it can bear to be told again, if in a form so pleasant as that of a little farce which is called *An Alarming Sacrifice*, and which was produced on Thursday night with well-merited success. Most likely it is derived from a French source, but it is written with a great deal of English humour, and the very slight admixture of pathos comes in as a pleasant qualification. A young shopman, of rather "fast" morals, has come to take possession of some property as heir-at-law of his deceased uncle, and resolving to lead a *distingué* sort of life, has invited a party of fair *modistes* to dinner. When he has taken possession, and Susan, the housemaid, has given up the keys, he accidentally finds a will, by which all the property is bequeathed to the said Susan. At first the dark thought of destroying the intrusive document crosses his mind; but conscience gets the better of interest, and he shows the will and surrenders the premises to the housemaid. As he is now in desperate circumstances, Susan takes him into her service as man of all work. In this condition he makes profound meditations on the uncertainty of human affairs, reflecting that he has just come out of town to be a fine gentleman, and that he is now polishing the tongs and poker for his own housemaid. The arrival of the dashing milliners, who find him in his menial position, does not at all add to his happiness. At last, Susan magnanimously destroys the will, and he, with equal magnanimity, bestows his hand upon her, now his rights as heir-at-law are revived. It should be observed that the youth was in former days a kind of sweetheart to Susan, and that the humiliations through which he has passed were intended by her as a wholesome discipline. The misguided *beau* is made to see the falseness of his gay female friends, and Susan is able to test the fidelity of another lover, who has vowed that he would marry her without a farthing, but who backs out when the will is destroyed. The undercurrent of kindness in Susan was very beautifully represented by Mrs. Fitzwilliam; and her character contrasted well with that of the coarser shopman, played by Mr. Buckstone with all his eccentric and irresistible humour. Mrs. Humby, as the chief of the *modistes*, was in admirable pomp, and Susan's friend, the cook of the establishment, was played in a good downright style by Mrs. Stanley.

The repeated applause at the fall of the curtain crowned the incessant laughter which had been kept up during the progress of the piece.

##### ST. JAMES'S.

FRENCH PLAYS.—*Le Mari de la Dame de Chœurs*; such is the title of the new piece produced on Monday last. We frankly confess that we were puzzled at the orthography of the above, and are so still; as spelt on the programme we should suppose it

to mean chorus, but the heroine is a dancer, and we cannot imagine what she can have to do with the mysteries of the vocal art: it must be a pun—an ignoble pun; as Arnal would style it, *une atroce mystification de la langue française*. However that may be, it is amusing, and keeps the house in perpetual convulsions of laughter from beginning to end. Fancy Arnal in love with his wife, and obliged to defend her from the innumerable seductions which surround the young and pretty opera *danseuse*! Himself devoted to that mysterious art which consists in repairing the defects of Nature, he is most irresistibly droll when he unveils the secrets of his craft, and lays bare a whole list of deformities which it is his peculiar province to rectify. This scene is the perfection of the ludicrous; less perhaps from what he actually states than from what he suggests by his shrugs, whispers, and innuendos, accompanied by the most expressive of pantomimes, and that self-complacent, drawling, sheepish delivery, which makes his hearers laugh even when they do not understand, and enjoy the joke *de confiance*. Madame Doche played the part of the ballet-girl with much archness, and looked, as she always does, excessively pretty. Madame Mancini was very successful in her personification of the lady's mother, box-opener at the theatre, and *ci-devant* sylphide at the *Académie* during the Directory, the Consulate, and the Empire; she gives her daughter a specimen of her talents, and goes through a grotesque dance with so much spirit as to elicit a unanimous encore. The other parts were filled by Messrs. Frank, Martial, and Lucien.

*Monsieur et Madame Galochard* is another of those pieces, the canvass of which is adapted to the peculiarities of M. Arnal. It abounds in puns and *double ententes*, most of which were understood and well received by the audience; the piquancy of the story consisting in the numerous *quiproquos* which arise from Galochard's supposing that the King, Louis XIV. has fallen in love with Madame Galochard. His delight is great when he discovers that it is all a false alarm, and his honor is safe; his wife is still more pleased at having succeeded in reclaiming a faithless husband. This is one of Arnal's best parts: his physiognomy is never at rest for a single moment, except when he is listening to the admonitions of his wife, and then he falls fast asleep. Madame Doche was very good in the part of Madame Galochard, and was warmly applauded in the scene where she makes the discovery of the King's passion for herself, and assumed in advance all the airs and importance of a favorite. The piece was eminently successful, and M. Arnal may rest assured of having gained the suffrages of the audience, if the loud and frequent bursts of hilarity which greeted his efforts be any test of merit. The house was crowded.

J. DE C—.

#### "ENGLISH DILETTANTISM."

(From *Elia's Musical Record*.)

WERE the imaginative faculty of our young men of rank and wealth directed to the moral and social advantages of æsthetical studies, the example of our English Court in fostering Art would find more imitators in the splendid mansions of our nobility, and both music and musicians would be listened to with genial sympathy. If it were inconsistent with manly and other pursuits to acquire a right appreciation of an art which, in our forms of public worship, and most of our public places of innocent relaxation, engages so much of our attention, and appeals so frequently to our judgment, there might be some plausibility in the oft expressed objection of young men of shallow understanding to the study of the divine muse, which is chiefly cultivated and supported by the female sex and clergy in England. Happily the brutal sports and feudal pastimes of barbarous ages are now changed for more rational recreation, and the people generally begin to acquire a

liking for good music. Were it necessary, however, to prove to the youth of the higher classes that a taste for music and art-acquirements are not incompatible with severe mental occupation and masculine pursuits, we need only point to the names of the eminent divines, distinguished men of science, literature, statesmen, and soldiers, which adorn the list of the members of the Musical Union. Did music, as a *science*, form part of a gentleman's polite education, as illustrated among the various accomplishments of our royal patron and vice-president, and students in German universities, there would be fewer dupes among English patrons of art in general, and the instructed professor would enjoy that position in the society of the educated English *dilettante* which makes his continental life so much preferable to a residence in London.

Indeed, the English have yet to learn that *En toute relation sociale entre l'artiste et l'amateur, l'avantage en résulte à l'amateur*. This extract reminds us of the custom of a late baronet's family, greatly distinguished as musicians and linguists, who never left town for their country mansion without a musician for their guest. "There is more got out of a musician in one day in the country, than during a whole season of bustle and excitement in London," was the worthy baronet's observation to us, and of the accuracy of the remark we have often borne testimony. Female Dilettantism, however, is greatly in the ascendancy in England, and within the last few weeks we have heard most gratifying displays of amateur vocal and instrumental music; nor must we omit to mention that, to a pleasing combination of voices, a band of amateurs assisted in the performance of selections from *Moïse*, *Robert le Diable*, *Il Conte Ory*, *Zelmira*, *Jessonda*, *Huguenots*, *Assedio de Corinto*, and *Le Prophète*.

In a friendly discussion with Rossini at Bologna, in 1843, the maestro humorously apostrophized Albion and her female sex thus—"Bel Paese! Belle Donne! Bellissimi Soprani!" Here the courteous maestro paused; but we have a perfect recollection of his alleged criticism on English professional singers during his visit to this country in 1824, which ended with "*Cattivissimi cantatrici!*" as the antithesis of the compliment paid to our beautiful women and soprano voices. Music, however, has made rapid strides in England since Rossini, Fétis, Prince Puckler, or Von Raumer, published observations on English manners and tastes; although private concerts, where the most eminent artists are engaged, are still often concocted for no other object than that of assembling crowds of persons, totally irrespective of their taste for what they are invited to enjoy; but there is now evidently a desire on the part of amateurs to aim at something beyond the mere exhibition of hackneyed *roulades* and threadbare *ditties*, to engage the sympathies of those who love to listen and can appreciate really beautiful concerted music. The Italian saying, "*Buon dilettante non fa buon professore*," is perfectly true; but *en revanche*, it may be said, that whatever amount of art-acquirement is modestly displayed by the amateur, it never partakes of the vulgarity which is common to uneducated and presumptuous professors!

#### BEETHOVEN'S SYMPHONIES.

(Continued from page 427.)

No. III.—Op. 55.

"*Sinfonia Eroica composta per celebrare la morte d'un Eroe*," is the title that distinguishes this immortal work in the printed copies which I have seen. Beethoven commenced the composition of it in the autumn of 1802, and completed it in 1804, the thirty-fourth year of his life. We are not to suppose that this one labour occupied exclusively his mind for the whole period, some other lighter pieces having been produced in the course of the time, but we may well believe that the colossal plan of this true masterpiece required thus long to ripen into the perfect maturity in which it has been given to the world; and that the subject can never have been entirely out of the author's thoughts from the first conception till the final completion of the work. The composition is

stated, on the authority of Count Moritz Lichnowsky, to have been undertaken at the suggestion of General Bernadotte, then the French ambassador to Vienna, at whose house Beethoven was a frequent visitor, and it was designed as a tribute of homage to Buonaparte, who was at that time First Consul. There was much more than the suggestion of his patron, the ambassador, to induce our great composer to enter with the highest enthusiasm upon the fulfilment of this design; there was the powerful excitement of his own feelings, which were of the highest pride and exultation in the great hero of the age; and the world is indebted to Bernadotte, not for the stimulation of these feelings, but for the suggestion only of the expression of them, which led to the production of the present work. Beethoven appears to have been a staunch republican in principle, and it was as the champion of republicanism, still more than as the hero of Marengo, that he regarded Napoleon—as such, revered him. Apart from the consideration of the soundness of such principles—apart from the estimation of him upon whom Beethoven supposed their promulgation depended, let us observe the fact of a great man, who could not but have been conscious of his own excellence, yearning for the welfare of his race, believing that one whose brilliant career had rivetted the attention and raised the wonder of the whole of Europe, was capable of, and active in, promoting that universal weal, which, through various mediums, it is the duty, the province, and, we may hope, the ambition of every human being whose superior powers exalt him above his fellows, to extend; let us observe the great artist, not paying unworthy adoration to, nor seeking meretricious encouragement from, a patron, but offering his true heart-homage to the representative of his ideal excellence, and who can but admire at, and exult in, such emulation of greatness as is such tribute to it,—of greatness which, if non-existent, only greatness can conceive; which, if in being, kindred greatness can only duly appreciate. It is for philosophers to resolve whether the great hero who does, and leaves the iron traces of his deeds through all the lands his arms have tracked, or the great artist who thinks, and plants the seeds of his thoughts in the mind of man, to produce fruit and flowers for the nourishment and for the illustration of eternal generations, is more the world-betterer. Dare we ask, of which of these will the works have the greater influence upon those future ages, when the arms and the arts of our own time shall have little but their record? and dare we answer with another question—who influence more the present age, the ancient Grecian poets, or the heroes? It is happy for all time to come that Napoleon has lived, in that Beethoven has made himself immortal, by giving deathlessness to this hero's memory. The *Sinfonia Eroica* was completed, and prepared with a dedication to the First Consul, to be sent through the French embassy to the great man whom it was meant to honour, when the news reached the composer that Napoleon had assumed the title and the power of Emperor. The indignation of Beethoven now equalled all his long-fostered and fervently-expressed reverence and hero-worship; in a storm of anger he tore his dedication, and, throwing his score upon the ground, with a torrent of execrations against the founder and the falsifier of his fondest fancies, would allow no one to touch it. This scene may well suggest to us, more forcibly indeed than any speculations that can be offered, or even any personal history of the process of the composition, how powerful, how ardent, how sincere must have been the feeling that inspired the composition; and the work itself proves to us how effectively this inspiration influenced the composer. It was not until



some time after this that Beethoven would allow this offspring of his hopes, and record of his disappointment, to be brought before the public; it was at length produced, under the title of "*Sinfonia Eroica per festeggiare il souvenire d'un gran uomo.*" Our composer never became reconciled to his once idol, until the melancholy termination of the captivity on St. Helena; upon hearing of which he is reported to have said, that the event had been musically predicted seventeen years before, in allusion, probably, to the *Marcia Funebre* that forms the slow movement of the *Eroica* Symphony. It will be remarked that the title, or description, or motto, with which the work is at present printed, differs from that with which it was originally produced: it may, possibly, have been after the death of Napoleon that the inscription was changed; if otherwise—if, namely, it was changed when the work was originally printed (I have not seen the first edition of the score), we may regard it, in connection with Beethoven's subsequent recurrence to his "musical prediction," as a coincidence with the result, which might make us believe that exalted minds, when under forcible excitement, may be endued, in respect of those who have effected such condition of their being, with the sublime power of prophecy. Another reading that might be given to the present title of the Symphony, and one that would be quite in accordance with what we may suppose to have been the feelings of the author under such excitement, would be to suppose that Beethoven considered the funeral of the hero to have been solemnised in the coronation of the emperor; that the "great man" died in the birth of the "new tyrant;" and thus the first impulse of his disappointment to "*festeggiare il souvenire d'un gran uomo,*" modified itself into the intention to "*celebrare la morte d'un Eroe.*"

Such, so far as I can ascertain, is the history of the superb Symphony we are about to examine; and the examination must satisfy all that the work presents the strongest intrinsic evidence of the engrossing influence under which it must have been composed. As a whole, this is much longer, larger, grander, than any instrumental work that had ever, at the period it was written, been produced; it is not in its positive length, however, so much as in its largeness of construction, its extraordinary multiplicity of ideas, and the wonderful symmetry of their arrangement and completeness of development, in its entire originality of phraseology, and, perhaps more than all, in its entire identification, from first to last, with what is now recognised as the style of Beethoven, that the *Eroica* is distinguished from all the compositions that had preceded it; and it is these characteristics which give to it the largeness, the grandeur, that make it now, that will keep it so long as the art which it glorifies continues to exist, no less remarkable, no less individual, no less new in effect, fresh in feeling, young in ardour, and exciting in influence, than it was when it was first composed. Like the sublime choruses of *Israel in Egypt*, it can never become out of date or old-fashioned; and like them, it unfolds new beauties to us at every repeated hearing, and it becomes better understood, in proportion to the increase of our musical knowledge and experience. I have spoken of the internal evidence in the work itself of the influence under which it must have been produced by the composer; this evidence is to be discovered, first, in the extraordinary largeness of the plan, which has no precedent in the whole range of the art, and which has been emulated with more or less success in subsequent works; secondly, in the unexceptionable perfection to which this plan is brought—a perfection that we have every reason to believe could not have been the effect of an

unbroken spontaneous train of thought in a mind, however well organised and well educated, but can only have resulted from a long and careful and elaborate course of study, not of the art in general, but of the subject-matter of this particular composition, which is hence as admirably disposed, and has so entirely the effect of having been written without hesitation, as to form a model for all time to come; thirdly, in the great freedom and general purity of the counterpoint throughout, and of the very great particular application of the profoundest resources of this intricate art, especially in the second and fourth movements, which we nowhere find so successfully, nor indeed so extensively employed in any of his other works; fourthly, in the exquisite beauty of every one of the very many subjects with which the work abounds,—beauty so great and so unexceptionable, that it is hardly possible to believe but that the successive phrases must have been selected from among many more which had been from time to time rejected as unworthy the important design of the composition, since it seems beyond the scope of human power to have conceived in rotation as they appear so great and so various an assemblage of transcendent beauties; last, in the instrumentation, which, from many tokens, may be supposed to have been the result of long and mature digestion. I cannot but believe that the work underwent much modification in its progress to completion, and certainly that the whole of it must have been first written in some short-hand kind of sketch (perhaps in two lines, as if for the pianoforte, but as to what form is wholly unimportant,) and afterwards transcribed into the full score. My reasons for this supposition will be better explained after we shall have gone through our analysis of the several movements. To conclude these general, and, in some sort, introductory remarks, I think this Symphony possesses, independently of its abstract merits, a very important interest in the history of the art beyond either of those which preceded it, in respect of its being completely in a style which, so far as I am able to judge, is only indicated, and, except in the lightest movement of each, wholly unfulfilled in these works. The two previous Symphonies are interesting as music; the second wonderfully so; but the *Eroica* is interesting as Beethoven's music throughout, and it has thence a charm which the others, even the noble Symphony in D, can never exert over us.

G. A. MACFARREN.

#### PROVINCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

##### MUSIC AT MANCHESTER.

(From our own Correspondent.)

It was with shame and sorrow that we saw the Theatre Royal so wretchedly attended on Thursday, the 5th inst., on the occasion of the second performance of *Lucrezia Borgia*. The dress circle was all but empty, and pit not half filled. This is not the way to encourage Mr. Knowles in providing so elegant and refined an entertainment at such a moderate price; and the talents of Montenegro, Santiago, and Montelli and his sister, are deserving of better support. The piece was announced for Santiago's benefit—we question if he would not be out of pocket by it. Of the second performance of *Lucrezia* we can speak more highly than we did of the first; the chorus were more at home, and had greater confidence; the long scene with them and Gubetta was given very effectively; there was the same dearth of subordinates, to fill up the numerous unimportant parts, and the same doubling by Bailini and M. Victoire; but the acting and singing of the four principals was very good. The "*Guai se ti sfugge*"—which is a splendid trio—was again encoored most enthusiastically, and the four principals were called before the curtain at the end of every act. "*Il segreto*" was again encoored, and the last scene was as good as before. Nothing could be more effective than Santiago as the dying son, in the arms of his newly-found mother; and nothing

more energetic than Montenegro's impassioned singing, after his death. We repeat, that *Lucrezia Borgia* is the finest opera written by Donizetti, and the performance of it by the present company has been the best effort of the Italians here. In looking back to the short season, when Montenegro was *prima donna*, we shall always think of her and the company, as they appeared in *Lucrezia Borgia*.

On Saturday, the season terminated with *Norma*, for Montenegro's benefit, when the opera was given much more efficiently than before, Santiago undertaking the part of Pollio. We are sorry to say the house was again but a thin one.

We are obliged by your corrections of the mistakes pointed out. There is another omission in last week's number. Speaking of the duet from *Favorita*, sung by Montenegro and Santiago, we said "there was a duet in unison, allowing for the difference of voices, quite a 'suoni la tromba' affair." The words in italics being omitted, left the sentence unfinished and pointless.

As a whole, the short season of Italian Opera in Manchester—fourteen representations in all, and seven different operas—has been highly creditable to the spirit of Mr. Knowles. The company might have been more complete in subordinates, especially in such operas as *Lucrezia Borgia*, but that was no fault of his: he engaged the entire *troupe* as they came from the Continent, and did his utmost to render the performance complete, by engaging as efficient a band and chorus as Manchester could furnish. Mr. Charles F. Anthony was appointed chorus-master; and, considering the difficulties he had to contend with, he really did wonders,—often, only a day or two before its performance, the music of an opera entirely new to the singers was placed in his hands, to get up the chorus! Another time, we would suggest that better care be taken to be supplied with the music in time, and that the chorus should be familiar with it, if not perfect, before an opera is advertised. It was not fair either to the singers themselves, or to their talented and painstaking instructor, to appear at all under such disadvantageous circumstances. The Opera has not been successful in a pecuniary sense, which is deeply to be regretted, as it will tend to prevent Mr. Knowles from again embarking in such a speculation. Then, the apathy of the Manchester public deprives all true lovers of the lyric drama, in its most refined form, of the gratification to be derived from Italian opera. The second experiment of Mr. Knowles for the ungrateful public here is likely to be frustrated by the German company themselves. *Don Juan* was fully announced, in Saturday's papers, for Tuesday, the 10th; Pischek as the Don, and Formes as Leporello. Monday came—Tuesday came; but no German Opera company, band, or chorus, made their appearance—every lover of music and Mozart was doomed to disappointment—there was no "Opera." The cause, it appears, in the first instance, is Herr Röder's getting into difficulties in London, and, after getting to prison, refusing to furnish the music for the company to fulfil their Manchester engagement. Whether they will yet be able to do so, remains a problem; we trust that they will see the necessity of redeeming their promises to Mr. Knowles, whose engagement, we believe, precluded the possibility of any loss to *them*, he having engaged to convey them all to Manchester free of expense, and, whatever the receipts, to pay them nightly a certain sum. The prospect was a good one for the first night, many places having been taken, the money for which had to be returned. There are a very considerable number of German families in Manchester, to say nothing of Greeks, and other patrons of the Opera; so that there was every probability of the company being well received here. On every account we shall regret the circumstance, should the German company, after all, by their internal disagreements amongst themselves, be prevented appearing at our Theatre Royal this time. There was a strong feeling in their favour, from the impression made by the company that was here in 1841, and again, amongst the true lovers of music, there are many passionate admirers of Mozart, Weber, and Beethoven, to say nothing of Spohr (whose operas were promised to be given), who have so seldom an opportunity, unless on a stray visit to the metropolis, of hearing their great works done at all.

#### MUSIC AND THE DRAMA IN LIVERPOOL.

(From our own Correspondent.)

SINCE my last, Mr. Macready has appeared in a variety of his

favourite characters, and been nightly received with enthusiasm, his appearance creating a perfect *furor*. I have only seen him since my last in *Henry VIII.*, the *Jealous Wife*, and *Othello*. His Wolsey is so well known, and has been so much lauded and spoken of by the first critics in the world, that any further eulogy from me will be needless; suffice it to say, that it was as artistic and as splendid a performance as ever, and that he was well supported by Mrs. Warner as Queen Katharine. In the *Jealous Wife*, his acting as the henpecked husband was perfectly astonishing to the audience; he played with such vivacity and gentlemanly ease, causing frequent laughter. Fancy Macready making people laugh! he did, however. Mrs. Warner was unusually good as the *Jealous Wife*—fainting, bullying, and wheedling in the most natural manner possible. Miss Baker was a pretty Harriet; but the Sir Harry Beagle of Mr. Newton, and the Lord Trinket of Mr. H. Chester, were intolerably bad. Both of these gentlemen *can* act well, but we never saw them to less advantage than on this occasion. The costumes were also incongruous. Mr. Oakley was dressed in a modern suit, and Lord Trinket in a dress of the year in which the comedy was written. I was somewhat disappointed with Macready's *Othello*;—he did not give the speech in the Senate House with proper soldierly bluntness; it was artificial throughout, and his performance in general wanted repose. In some instances, however, he was transcendently great. Some of his scenes were powerful and life-like in the extreme, and the pathetic scenes after the murder of Desdemona were beautifully and feelingly given, and were deservedly, even extravagantly, applauded. Mr. Barry Sullivan's Iago was a fine piece of acting—natural and easy in his bearing and speech—the thorough villain and the man of the world—cunning, lying, and treacherous, and yet with a most deceptive appearance of honesty. He was loudly and frequently applauded, and shewed himself to be an accomplished artist; in fact, I have not seen his superior in this character; but I have not seen Macready's Iago. Miss Cooper made a good stage version of Desdemona; careful and neat, but calling for no particular remark. Mrs. Warner was the best Emilia I ever saw; in the last scene, her splendid acting was unexceptionable; in fact, I never saw her do anything better. The play was well put upon the stage; the scenery, dresses, and properties were beautiful and appropriate; and the tragedy was performed as it was written, by which the story was much more clearly developed;—in fact, it was the best performance of a Shakespearian play that has been seen in Liverpool for years. Mr. Copeland seems to spare no trouble and expense, in order to give the Liverpool public dramatic performances of the highest order; and I hope that such unusual and praiseworthy conduct will meet with the energetic support of the public and the lovers of the drama of every description. I see that the Italian Opera Company who have been performing in Manchester make their *début* in Liverpool next Monday. From the enthusiastic notices of the Manchester press and "Your own Correspondent," I expect great things from them; but next week, if I hear them, you shall have a full report from—Yours, &c., J. H. N.

Liverpool, July 11, 1849.

#### ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—Pray permit me, through the medium of your journal, to ask your numerous readers the following questions, *viz.*, What has become of the late William M. Rooke's unpublished operas? and, secondly, Who has received the amount of subscriptions, so kindly promoted by the great publishers of London, for the benefit of the widow and children of the lamented composer of *Amelie*?—I am, sir, yours obediently,

CLEMENT WHITE.

7, Pickering Place, Bayswater.

#### THE ADDED SIXTH OR SUBDOMINANT CHORD.

DEAR SIR,—In reply to the letter of Teutonius, in your paper for June 16, I beg to say that I do not consider the added sixth as an *independent* chord, but simply as a complete chord of the subdominant; neither is it put down as such in the system of Mr.

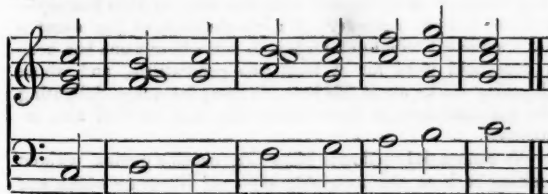
Molyneux, but is there spoken of as the sub-dominant chord added sixth. As to the necessity for the preparation of the discordant sixth, I beg to remind Teutonium, that neither of the fundamental discords, of which I consider this is one, requires preparation. The fifth in the chord, as the example quoted from Beethoven went to show, does not necessarily remain stationary, but may pass to any note to which it can proceed without a breach of the laws which regulate the progression of parts.

Teutonium must surely be mistaken in saying that the second chord, in the example from Dr. Callcott, is followed by the dominant; as, though the Glee is in C, the passage quoted is certainly in G, and the third chord is in one case  $\text{C}_b$ , and in the other  $\text{D}_b$ . This passage is also spoken of as a kind of organ-point, and the notes A and C as transition tones; but this is no answer to the matter in question, though it is undoubtedly an easy mode of getting over the difficulty of explaining the harmony used, on the supposition that there is no such chord as that for which I contend.

As to the preparation of the fifth in Mozart's Arietta, no one would have dreamed of styling it so, had not the sixth appeared in the following chord, and it only forms one of the links in the chain of sounds which is always apparent in the succession of the tonic, subdominant, tonic, and dominant chords. Surely Teutonium will not say that the progression from the simple seventh to the dominant seventh is abrupt and harsh, without the intervention of the chord of the 6-4; as, if so, much of the music of the best composers must be charged with those faults, seeing that few progressions are more frequent than such as these:—



Of course I demur to the truth of the observation, that "the fifth proves to be the seventh of a dominant chord, which not at once dissolves into the third," &c.; for here again, supposing the sixth did not appear, the chord would be considered, even by Teutonium, that of the subdominant, and the progression a regular one of subdominant, tonic, dominant, and tonic. Besides, how is it to be taken, when the proper resolution of the seventh does not appear at all, as in this accompaniment of the scale? which I deem much preferable to that in which the chord of the dominant is clumsily enough followed by a chord of the sixth on the sixth degree.



The quotation given from Handel gives me the opportunity of remarking that Teutonium seems to have overlooked one thing; which is, that the subdominant or added sixth chord appears with great frequency on the unaccented part of the bar; whereas the simple seventh and its inversions, according to the code of harmony which prevailed when Handel, Haydn, and Mozart wrote, if not in the days of Beethoven and Mendelssohn, should be prepared on the unaccented part of the bar, appear on the accented, and be resolved on the next unaccented part. When used in triple time, the chord in question undoubtedly presents the appearance of a regular preparation of the fifth, though not of a regular resolution; but when used in common time, in nine cases out of ten the reverse is the case, and the chord is placed on the unaccented part of the bar.

## BEETHOVEN'S SONATA, OP. 12.



I do not see that much is gained by the examples at the top of page 379; both of them being, in my opinion, the subdominant chord in an incomplete state. The first of them, also, is not exactly what I meant, when speaking of the unsatisfactory nature of the chord without the fifth; and its use may have arisen from my not giving an example of what I disliked, which I did not do, because the observation upon that point was merely by the way, and had little or nothing to do with the real question.

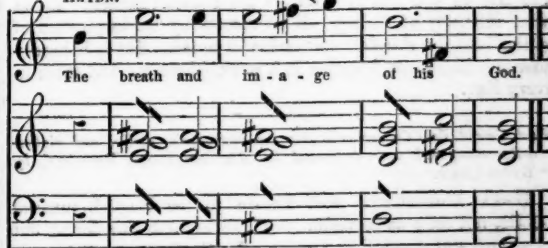
I should undoubtedly object to such a progression as is made in the quotation from Beethoven, by inverting only the C and B with the notes that follow, because this produces a very agreeable succession of consecutive fifths; but if the passage is inverted entire, saving the consecutive fifths which would occur in the alto, I do not see any objection to it.

I cannot see that, in contending for the difference of this chord, and its inversions from the simple seventh and its inversions, that I am uselessly increasing the nomenclature of harmony, and embarrassing the musical student, as it is, I firmly believe, the subdominant chord in a complete state; and as I believe that its progressions, combined with the alteration and exaggeration of one or more of its intervals, afford an easy and satisfactory explanation of certain successions of harmony, which I have never seen satisfactorily explained in any other way. For instance;—



The D sharp in this example is commonly, but, I think, incorrectly written E flat, as it is to me evidently an instance of the chord of the subdominant with the fundamental and the sixth sharpened. The following, also, is a beautiful instance of the use of this chord:—

## HAYDN.



After what has already been said, this will probably need no explanation; but I may remark, before concluding, that the notation adopted by the modern English composers has a tendency to confuse these altered subdominant chords with the diminished seventh, or minor seventh—whichever Teutonium will—which they



really do not resemble, either in effect or progression. Several instances of this may be found in the published copies of the songs in Macfarren's *Don Quixote*.

Hoping that I have disentangled the Gordian knot which your correspondent Teutonium has endeavoured to cut, I remain, yours truly,  
C. OLDERSHAW.

[If Mr. Oldershaw had read Mr. Macfarren's explanation of Dr. Alfred Day's system of notation, he would probably have a clearer notion of the subject.—Ed. M. W.]

#### MEDELSSOHN'S YOUTH AND MAIDEN, AND MOLIQUE'S FIRST TRIO.

(From the Daily News.)

*The Youth and the Maiden; Twelve German Lieder.* By FELIX MEDELSSOHN BARTHOLDY.

THIS set of songs was one of the lamented Mendelssohn's early works, and has long been known in Germany. The English public, however, have been hitherto unacquainted with it; and, by the present republication, with the addition of an elegant English version adapted to the music along with the original words, Mr. Wessel has presented the admirers of Mendelssohn (and what lover of music is not an admirer of Mendelssohn?) with a most interesting novelty. The title of "The Youth and the Maiden" does not indicate any dramatic unity in the design of the work: the songs are quite unconnected in subject, though they are all expressive of feelings belonging to the tender passion, some of them in the heart of a youth, and others in that of a maiden. The publication is simply a collection of love songs, suited to singers of both sexes. They are short and simple, graceful and natural in melody, and full of expression. They are wholly free from the besetting sin of modern German vocal composition—a laborious attempt to be original and *recherché*, and to cover meagreness of melody by fulness and complexity of accompaniment. They are pure effusions of feeling, and, to produce their effect, they demand only congenial feeling on the part of the performer, as they are quite easy to execute, having no crabbed intervals or crude modulations in the voice part, and no cramp and scrambling passages for the pianoforte. Every musician who opens the book will be struck with the happy expression given to the interjectional phrase, "Can it be?" in the opening of the very first song. The little complaint, "Ah! how fast the days are flying," in F sharp minor, is a perfect gem; it breathes the very soul of tender melancholy. "Swift glides the skiff," in which the course of human life is compared to the motion of a skiff over the sea of Time, is a charming melody, enriched by a graceful undulating accompaniment. The last of the series, "Within the convent garden," shows what intensity of feeling can be thrown by the inspiration of genius into the simplest succession of notes. But it is hardly possible to specify beauties in a work where we find them in every line.

*First Grand Trio Concertante, for the pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, composed and dedicated to MR. STERNDALE BENNETT, by B. MOLIQUE.*

HERR MOLIQUE is well known to the English musical public, not only as a violinist of the highest excellence, but as a pure and classical composer. In the instrumental music of the present day, the exhibition of mechanical dexterity is so prevalent above all other considerations, that we very rarely find a new composition at all fitted for the use of amateurs, though in this country they are daily increasing in number

and ability. When modern pianists, violinists, &c., compose, their productions are almost always calculated for their own playing, or that of a professional performer of their own calibre, and are consequently sealed books to those who cultivate music as an accomplishment. Many of these artists, to be sure, do this because they cannot do otherwise; for it is much easier to string together showy passages suggested by the contact of the fingers with the keys of the pianoforte or the strings of the violin, than to compose original and beautiful music, the produce of genius and learning. But there are others who could do better; and they ought to consider that difficulty of execution is by no means an essential feature of the very highest order of music. They ought to consider that the chamber compositions—the sonatas, trios, and quartets,—of Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, and Hummel, though abounding in every kind of beauty, are comparatively easy of execution, and are in daily use in numberless private and domestic musical circles, not only in the metropolis, but in every part of the country. Why do not the best composers of the day employ their talents in contributing to the enjoyment of these amateurs, instead of publishing impracticable pieces for which there is no demand? We are glad to see such an artist as Herr Molique take a proper view of this matter. The new trio before us is certainly by no means easy for any of the instruments; but those amateurs who are familiar with the works of the older masters will not find its difficulties insurmountable, while they will be charmed with its clearness of design, its flowing and expressive melodies, its solid and masterly counterpoint, and the rich effects produced by the happy combination of the three instruments. The quaint and imaginative *scherzo*, and the grand and stately *adagio* (which opens so strikingly with the startling chord of the diminished seventh leading to the beautiful strain given to the violoncello), will be found peculiarly delightful. Such a work will be most welcome to amateurs, among whom the want of new music fit for their use is a subject of daily complaint.—*Daily News*, 6th July, 1849.

#### SKETCH OF THE LATE MARIA EDGEWORTH.

(From the "Home Circle.")

A FEW weeks since the newspapers announced the death of this venerable and venerated lady, full of years and full of honors, having completed her eighty-third year, and lived long enough—as it was said with less truth of Miss Burney—to know herself a classic. A mere chronicle of the event is not a sufficient tribute of respect to one whose name has been a household word for at least two generations, and whose charming works are at this hour, in many instances, delighting the grandchildren of those whom she first amused and instructed.

We cannot duly estimate Miss Edgeworth's genius, without looking back at the miserable style of literature which was popular at the time, when, uncorrupted by evil example, her fresh and vigorous mind opened a new path in the field of fiction. It has been observed, that clever men have generally been blessed with superior mothers; but with equal truth there might be noted many remarkable women, whose close intimacy with fathers of more than ordinary endowments, must have developed those natural powers which distinguished them. The relation between Mr. Richard Lovell Edgeworth and his eldest daughter Maria, was a case exactly in point. She was the child of the first of his four wives, and was born to him early in life. Her rare genius, while excelling, was sympathetic to, his own, and was for this reason capable of being strengthened and assisted by him.

**HERR DREYSCHOCK.**—This celebrated pianist leaves London to-day for Prague.

**HAYMARKET THEATRE.**—The members of the orchestra presented to Mr. Reed, on Saturday last, a handsome ring, as a memorial of their respect and attachment, on his quitting the theatre for Port Philip, after a service of thirty years. Mr. Reed originally entered the Haymarket theatre in a subordinate capacity, during the management of the late Mr. Morris, whose discerning eye soon discovered his more than ordinary merits, and he was soon raised to the post of director of music. In this position Mr. Morris invariably consulted him on any new points of management, and placed considerable reliance on his judgment. When Mr. Webster undertook the management of the theatre, Mr. Reed's largely-increasing connexion induced him to surrender the directorship into the hands of his son, Mr. T. German Reed, and, conjointly, they have succeeded in procuring for the Haymarket orchestra its present efficiency. Mr. Reed, having now secured for his large family a suitable position in the world, has decided to visit our Australian colonies, where we feel persuaded his merits will be immediately recognised.

**MDLLE. VERA** gave a *Matinée Musicale* at 17, Hertford-street, May Fair, on Monday last. The fair vocalist was assisted by Grisi, Madame Ronconi, Miss Bassano, Mario, Lablache, F. Lablache, Ronconi, Signor Ciabatta, Signor Brignoli, and Signor Marchesi. Mdlle. Vera sang several *morceaux* with her usual taste and intelligence. Charles Hallé played a solo on the piano with immense effect. The concert was very fashionably attended. The conductors were Messrs. Benedict, Vera, and Billella.

**WORCESTER.**—(From a Correspondent.)—Miss Haywood gave a grand evening concert, at the New Music Hall, on Wednesday. The vocal performers were Miss Haywood, Miss Deakin, Miss Bassano, and Signor F. Lablache. The instrumentalists were Kate Loder (piano), Mr. J. Balsir Chatterton (harp), and Mr. A. Wheeler (piano). The concert opened with Bennett's Madrigal, "The lover to his mistress," which was so well sung by the principals as to obtain an encore. The Misses Bassano and Deakin followed in Mendelssohn's beautiful duet, "I would that my love could silently flow." Miss Deakin, who sang very prettily all the evening, was encored in a somewhat pleasing ballad by Mr. Charles Harding. Miss Haywood and Signor F. Lablache were also encored in the duet from the *Nozze di Figaro*, "Cruel perche finora," and Miss Haywood received the same compliment in Bishop's "Bid me discourse." The second part opened with the hacknied trio from the *Matrimonio Segreto*, which was carefully sung by the Misses Haywood, Deakin, and Bassano, and repeated. Kate Loder produced an immense sensation in Wallace's "Cracovienne." She played with a facility, a brilliancy, and a precision, that took her hearers completely by surprise, and created an enthusiasm but rarely witnessed within the Music Hall of our city. She was rapturously applauded, and encored from all parts of the room. She joined Balsir Chatterton in a concertante duet for pianoforte and harp by Herz, and acquitted herself no less admirably than in the solo. Kate Loder is, indeed, an artist of rare endowments, and is one of the acknowledged favorites of England. Mr. Balsir Chatterton played a *fantasia* of his own composition, and was loudly applauded. He has great command over his instrument, and plays with excellent taste and feeling. F. Lablache was encored in "Largo al factotum," which he gave with a fund of animal spirits quite paternal. The concert terminated with the national anthem. Mr. E. Rogers conducted.

**MELODISTS' CLUB.**—The sixth meeting took place at the Freemason's Tavern, on Thursday, the 28th ult., and was attended by a large section of the nobility and gentry. Dinner was on the table at six precisely, and turtle was given without any extra charge. An excellent concert was provided, and a capital selection of instrumental music helped to enliven the feast. Mr. F. B. Jewson, the talented pianist, and Mr. Horatio Chipp, violoncellist of the Queen's private band, received special invitations. Mr. Jewson performed several compositions of his own, which were received with an unusual degree of applause, and which elicited complimentary tokens from all the *dilettanti* present. The hilarities were kept up to a seasonable hour, and, according to the custom prescribed, the meeting broke up when the chairman retired. Every thing passed off with the greatest *éclat*.

A CONCERT was given on Wednesday evening last by Mrs. Dykes, at her residence in Tilney Street, Hyde Park. The vocalists were Miss Birch, Miss Eliza Birch, Messrs. Lockey, Land, and Bodda. Conductor, Mr. Land. The music was selected chiefly from the works of English composers.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS

Several important notices are omitted from want of space.

AN AMATEUR FLAUTIST is informed, that if he continues to look out in the MUSICAL WORLD for what he has long been expecting he may not be disappointed in the end.

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

### MESSRS. COCKS'S NEW MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

**HERR STRAUSS'S ADMIRABLE QUADRILLES**, as performed by himself and Band, at Her Majesty's State Balls, Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Gloucester's, Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Cambridge's, at Almack's, at the Nobility's Balls, and at his Farewell Musical *Matinée*—i. e., Martha, Louisa, Militaire, Stradella, Vienna Carnival, and Jubel, 3s. each.

**HERR STRAUSS** and his celebrated Band had the honor to perform the following NEW DANCES, of his own composition, at the recent Ball given by Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Gloucester, at Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Cambridge's Ball, and at his Farewell Musical *Matinée*—Alicia, Frederica, and Kathinka Polkas, 2s. each; Marien, Wanderer's Lebewohl, Sophie, and Kuntler Ball Waltzes, 3s. each; also his *Deülier March*, 1s.

**HERR STRAUSS.**—Messrs. R. Cocks and Co. respectfully inform the Nobility, Gentry, and the Public, that they have just received from Vienna all the choice Waltzes, Polkas, Quadrilles, &c., by this renowned composer, for a full orchestra; ditto as piano duets and as solos.

**HERR DREYSCHOCK'S PIANOFORTE WORKS.**—Irish, Scotch, and English Airs, three books, 5s. each; *Blüette Romance*, Les Regrets, Second Rondo Militaire, Le Tremolo, La Clochette, L'Absence, Les Adieux, Andante, Scherzo, Les Ruiseaux, Study for the Left Hand, Le Vallon, Chanson-a-Boire, Impromptu, First Military Rondo, each 2s., 3s., and 4s.; Concerto, 6s.

**ORATORIO MUSIC**, with Organ or Piano Accompaniments, elegantly engraved and printed on fine paper, folio size, newly arranged by John Bishop, i. e., Handel's Messiah (from Mozart's score), 15s.; Israel in Egypt, 15s.; Acta and Galatea, 12s.; the Coronation Anthems, 12s.; and his Dettingen Te Deum, 12s.; Haydn's Creation, 15s.; Tallis, the Order of the Daily Service, in red and black type, 8vo., gilt edges, 6s.; Beethoven's Mount of Olives, by Warren, 12s.; Rossini's Stabat Mater, by Warren, 12s.; Haydn's Seasons, by Clementi, 12s.; and Kent's Anthems and Services, in 2 vols., 21s. each.

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**HERR SCHULHOFF'S NEW MUSIC** for the PIANOFORTE. Carnival de Venise, 4s.; 2. Nocturne, 3s.; 3. Valse, 3s.; Deux Pensées Fugitives, 3s.; Capriccio Apassionato, 3s.; four Mazurkas, 2s. each; two Styriennes and Mazurka, 2s. each; Galop di Bravura, 4s.; the same, arranged by Czerny as a duet, 5s.; Le Valse, 4s.; the same, as a duet, 5s.; Chanson des Paysans, 5s.; and Trois Idylles, 5s.

**NEW FLUTE MUSIC**, by Signor Briccialdi, with Pianoforte Accompaniment; as performed by this distinguished artist at the various London Concerts. Fantasia, Lucresia, Macbeth, La Figlia del Reggimento, I Masnadieri, Sogno d'Amore, I Capuletti, and Fantasia on Scotch Airs, 5s. each; and his Daily Exercises for the Flute, 3s.

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CATALOGUE OF FLUTE MUSIC, GRATIS.

### M. JULLIEN'S CONCERTS MONSTRES.

At the general request of his Friends and Patrons, M. JULLIEN has the honor to announce that his THIRD CONCERT MONSTRE and CONGRES MONSTRE will take place at the ROYAL SURREY ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS on FRIDAY NEXT, when FELICIEN DAVID'S Ode-Symphony, **THE DESERT**, will be performed for the LAST TIME. Meyerbeer's Music from **THE PROPHETS** will be executed, also for the last time; and the other portions of the Programme entirely changed, including M. JULLIEN'S First Arrangement of GOD SAVE THE QUEEN, each bar being marked by the report of an 18-pound cannon, as performed at M. JULLIEN'S First Concert Monstre at the Surrey Zoological Gardens, in 1845, before an audience of 12,000 persons.

**MEYERBEER'S Music from THE CAMP OF SILESIA**, First Time in England. Among other Novelties, the Grand Triumphant March of "JULIUS CÆSAR," for Double Orchestra; Four Military Bands; Chorus; and Twenty Roman Trumpets, made on the model of the Roman bas-relief, by Messrs. PARK and KENIG, Strand, and performed by MM. Koenig, A. Koenig, Arban, Davis, T. Davis, Clouff, Antoine, T. Harper, Smithers, Scheffer, and Ten of the best Trumpets, from the Horse Guards.—In order to give to this magnificent *morceau* all the effect which it made on the Continent, the practices will be under the direction of Herr Koenig, and several careful Rehearsals will be directed by M. JULLIEN.

Tickets, price 2s. 6d., if taken before the 20th of July, or 5s. on the day of the Concert, may be obtained of JULLIEN & Co., 214, Regent Street.

Gardens open at 4, commence at 5, and terminate before 10. With the magnificent addition of Fireworks, the Storming of Badajoz, &c.

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(From the Daily News.)

*The Youth and the Maiden; Twelve German Lieder.* By FELIX MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLDY.

THIS set of songs was one of the lamented Mendelssohn's early works, and has long been known in Germany. The English public, however, have been hitherto unacquainted with it; and, by the present republication, with the addition of an elegant English version adapted to the music along with the original words, Mr. Wessel has presented the admirers of Mendelssohn (and what lover of music is not an admirer of Mendelssohn?) with a most interesting novelty. The title of "The Youth and the Maiden" does not indicate any dramatic unity in the design of the work: the songs are quite unconnected in subject, though they are all expressive of feelings belonging to the tender passion, some of them in the heart of a youth, and others in that of a maiden. The publication is simply a collection of love songs, suited to singers of both sexes. They are short and simple, graceful and natural in melody, and full of expression. They are wholly free from the besetting sin of modern German vocal composition—a laborious attempt to be original and *recherché*, and to cover meagreness of melody by fulness and complexity of accompaniment. They are pure effusions of feeling, and, to produce their effect, they demand only congenial feeling on the part of the performer, as they are quite easy to execute, having no crabbed intervals or crude modulations in the voice part, and no cramp and scrambling passages for the pianoforte. Every musician who opens the book will be struck with the happy expression given to the interjectional phrase, "Can it be?" in the opening of the very first song. The little complaint, "Ah! how fast the days are flying," in F sharp minor, is a perfect gem; it breathes the very soul of tender melancholy. "Swift glides the skiff," in which the course of human life is compared to the motion of a skiff over the sea of Time, is a charming melody, enriched by a graceful undulating accompaniment. The last of the series, "Within the convent garden," shows what intensity of feeling can be thrown by the inspiration of genius into the simplest succession of notes. But it is hardly possible to specify beauties in a work where we find them in every line.

*First Grand Trio Concertante, for the pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, composed and dedicated to MR. STERNDALE BENNETT, by B. MOLIQUE.*

HERR MOLIQUE is well known to the English musical public, not only as a violinist of the highest excellence, but as a pure and classical composer. In the instrumental music of the present day, the exhibition of mechanical dexterity is so prevalent above all other considerations, that we very rarely find a new composition at all fitted for the use of amateurs, though in this country they are daily increasing in number

and ability. When modern pianists, violinists, &c., compose, their productions are almost always calculated for their own playing, or that of a professional performer of their own calibre, and are consequently sealed books to those who cultivate music as an accomplishment. Many of these artists, to be sure, do this because they cannot do otherwise; for it is much easier to string together showy passages suggested by the contact of the fingers with the keys of the pianoforte or the strings of the violin, than to compose original and beautiful music, the produce of genius and learning. But there are others who could do better; and they ought to consider that difficulty of execution is by no means an essential feature of the very highest order of music. They ought to consider that the chamber compositions—the sonatas, trios, and quartets,—of Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, and Hummel, though abounding in every kind of beauty, are comparatively easy of execution, and are in daily use in numberless private and domestic musical circles, not only in the metropolis, but in every part of the country. Why do not the best composers of the day employ their talents in contributing to the enjoyment of these amateurs, instead of publishing impracticable pieces for which there is no demand? We are glad to see such an artist as Herr Molique take a proper view of this matter. The new trio before us is certainly by no means easy for any of the instruments; but those amateurs who are familiar with the works of the older masters will not find its difficulties insurmountable, while they will be charmed with its clearness of design, its flowing and expressive melodies, its solid and masterly counterpoint, and the rich effects produced by the happy combination of the three instruments. The quaint and imaginative *scherzo*, and the grand and stately *adagio* (which opens so strikingly with the startling chord of the diminished seventh leading to the beautiful strain given to the violoncello), will be found peculiarly delightful. Such a work will be most welcome to amateurs, among whom the want of new music fit for their use is a subject of daily complaint.—*Daily News*, 6th July, 1849.

### SKETCH OF THE LATE MARIA EDGEWORTH.

(From the "Home Circle.")

A FEW weeks since the newspapers announced the death of this venerable and venerated lady, full of years and full of honors, having completed her eighty-third year, and lived long enough—as it was said with less truth of Miss Burney—to know herself a classic. A mere chronicle of the event is not a sufficient tribute of respect to one whose name has been a household word for at least two generations, and whose charming works are at this hour, in many instances, delighting the grandchildren of those whom she first amused and instructed.

We cannot duly estimate Miss Edgeworth's genius, without looking back at the miserable style of literature which was popular at the time, when, uncorrupted by evil example, her fresh and vigorous mind opened a new path in the field of fiction. It has been observed, that clever men have generally been blessed with superior mothers; but with equal truth there might be noted many remarkable women, whose close intimacy with fathers of more than ordinary endowments, must have developed those natural powers which distinguished them. The relation between Mr. Richard Lovell Edgeworth and his eldest daughter Maria, was a case exactly in point. She was the child of the first of his four wives, and was born to him early in life. Her rare genius, while excelling, was sympathetic to, his own, and was for this reason capable of being strengthened and assisted by him.



**HEER DREYSHOCK.**—This celebrated pianist leaves London to-day for Prague.

**HAYMARKET THEATRE.**—The members of the orchestra presented to Mr. Reed, on Saturday last, a handsome ring, as a memorial of their respect and attachment, on his quitting the theatre for Port Philip, after a service of thirty years. Mr. Reed originally entered the Haymarket theatre in a subordinate capacity, during the management of the late Mr. Morris, whose discerning eye soon discovered his more than ordinary merits, and he was soon raised to the post of director of music. In this position Mr. Morris invariably consulted him on any new points of management, and placed considerable reliance on his judgment. When Mr. Webster undertook the management of the theatre, Mr. Reed's largely-increasing connexion induced him to surrender the directorship into the hands of his son, Mr. T. German Reed, and, conjointly, they have succeeded in procuring for the Haymarket orchestra its present efficiency. Mr. Reed, having now secured for his large family a suitable position in the world, has decided to visit our Australian colonies, where we feel persuaded his merits will be immediately recognised.

**MIDDLE VERA** gave a *Matinée Musicale* at 17, Hertford-street, May Fair, on Monday last. The fair vocalist was assisted by Grisi, Madame Ronconi, Miss Bassano, Mario, Lablache, F. Lablache, Ronconi, Signor Ciabatta, Signor Brignoli, and Signor Marchesi. Middle Vera sang several *morceaux* with her usual taste and intelligence. Charles Hallé played a solo on the piano with immense effect. The concert was very fashionably attended. The conductors were Messrs. Benedict, Vera, and Billelta.

**WORCESTER.**—(From a Correspondent.)—Miss Haywood gave a grand evening concert, at the New Music Hall, on Wednesday. The vocal performers were Miss Haywood, Miss Deakin, Miss Bassano, and Signor F. Lablache. The instrumentalists were Kate Loder (piano), Mr. J. Balsir Chatterton (harp), and Mr. A. Wheeler (piano). The concert opened with Bennett's Madrigal, "The lover to his mistress," which was so well sung by the principals as to obtain an encore. The Misses Bassano and Deakin followed in Mendelssohn's beautiful duet, "I would that my love could silently flow." Miss Deakin, who sang very prettily all the evening, was encored in a somewhat pleasing ballad by Mr. Charles Harding. Miss Haywood and Signor F. Lablache were also encored in the duet from the *Nozze di Figaro*, "Cruel perche finora," and Miss Haywood received the same compliment in Bishop's "Bid me discourse." The second part opened with the hacknied trio from the *Matrimonio Segreto*, which was carefully sung by the Misses Haywood, Deakin, and Bassano, and repeated. Kate Loder produced an immense sensation in Wallace's "Cracovienne." She played with a facility, a brilliancy, and a precision, that took her hearers completely by surprise, and created an enthusiasm but rarely witnessed within the Music Hall of our city. She was rapturously applauded, and encored from all parts of the room. She joined Balsir Chatterton in a concertante duet for pianoforte and harp by Herz, and acquitted herself no less admirably than in the solo. Kate Loder is, indeed, an artist of rare endowments, and is one of the acknowledged favorites of England. Mr. Balsir Chatterton played a *fantasia* of his own composition, and was loudly applauded. He has great command over his instrument, and plays with excellent taste and feeling. F. Lablache was encored in "Largo al factotum," which he gave with a fund of animal spirits quite paternal. The concert terminated with the national anthem. Mr. E. Rogers conducted.

**MELODISTS' CLUB.**—The sixth meeting took place at the Freemason's Tavern, on Thursday, the 28th ult., and was attended by a large section of the nobility and gentry. Dinner was on the table at six precisely, and turtle was given without any extra charge. An excellent concert was provided, and a capital selection of instrumental music helped to enliven the feast. Mr. F. B. Jewson, the talented pianist, and Mr. Horatio Chipp, violoncellist of the Queen's private band, received special invitations. Mr. Jewson performed several compositions of his own, which were received with an unusual degree of applause, and which elicited complimentary tokens from all the *dilettanti* present. The hilarities were kept up to a seasonable hour, and, according to the custom prescribed, the meeting broke up when the chairman retired. Every thing passed off with the greatest *éclat*.

A CONCERT was given on Wednesday evening last by Mrs. Dykes, at her residence in Tilney Street, Hyde Park. The vocalists were Miss Birch, Miss Eliza Birch, Messrs. Lockey, Land, and Bodda. Conductor, Mr. Land. The music was selected chiefly from the works of English composers.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS

Several important notices are omitted from want of space.

AN AMATEUR FLAUTIST is informed, that if he continues to look out in the MUSICAL WORLD for what he has long been expecting he may not be disappointed in the end.

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

### MESSRS. COCKS'S NEW MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

**HERR STRAUSS'S ADMIRABLE QUADRILLES**, as performed by himself and Band, at Her Majesty's State Ball, Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Gloucester's, Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Cambridge's, at Almack's, at the Nobility's Balls, and at his Farewell Musical *Matinée*—i. e., Martha, Louise, Militaire, Stradella, Vienna Carnival, and Jubel, 3s. each.

**HERR STRAUSS**, of his celebrated Band had the honor to perform the following NEW DANCES, of his own composition, at the recent Ball given by Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Gloucester, at Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Cambridge's Ball, and at his Farewell Musical *Matinée*—Alice, Frederica, and Kathinka Polkas, 2s. each; Marien, Wanderer's Lebewohl, Sophie, and Kuntzler Ball Waltzes, 3s. each; also his *Deiliger March*, 1s.

**HERR STRAUSS.**—Messrs. R. Cocks and Co. respectfully inform the Nobility, Gentry, and the Public, that they have just received from Vienna all the choice Waltzes, Polkas, Quadrilles, &c., by this renowned composer, for a full orchestra; ditto as piano duets and as solos.

**HERR DREYSHOCK'S PIANOFORTE WORKS.**—Irish, Scotch, and English Airs, three books, 5s. each; *Bluette Romance*, *Les Regrets*, *Second Rondo Militaire*, *Le Tremolo*, *La Clochette*, *L'Absence*, *Les Adieux*, *Andante*, *Scherzo*, *Les Ruisseaux*. Study for the Left Hand, *Le Vallon*, *Chanson à Boire*, *Impromptu*, *First Military Rondo*, each 2s., 3s., and 4s.; *Concerto*, 6s.

**ORATORIO MUSIC**, with Organ or Piano Accompaniments, elegantly engraved and printed on fine paper, folio size, newly arranged by John Bishop; i. e., Handel's Messiah (from Mozart's score), 15s.; Israel in Egypt, 15s.; *Acis and Galatea*, 12s.; the Coronation Anthem, 12s.; and his *Dettingen Te Deum*, 12s.; Haydn's Creation, 15s.; Tallis, the Order of the Daily Service, in red and black type, svo., gilt edges, 6s.; Beethoven's Mount of Olives, by Warren, 12s.; Rossini's Stabat Mater, by Warren, 12s.; Haydn's Seasons, by Clementi, 12s.; and Kent's Anthems and Services, in 2 vols., 21s. each.

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**NEW FLUTE MUSIC**, by Signor Briccialdi, with Pianoforte Accompaniment; as performed by this distinguished artist at the various London Concerts. *Fantasia*, *Lucrezia*, *Macbeth*, *La Figlia del Reggimento*, *I Masnadieri*, *Sogno d'Amore*, *I Capuletti*, and *Fantasia on Scotch Airs*, 5s. each; and his *Daily Exercises for the Flute*, 3s.

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### M. JULLIEN'S CONCERTS MONSTRES.

At the general request of his Friends and Patrons, M. JULLIEN has the honor to announce that his THIRD CONCERT MONSTRE and CONGRES MUSICAL will take place at the ROYAL SURREY ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS on FRIDAY NEXT, when FELICIE DAVID's ODE-SYMPHONY, *THE DESERT*, will be performed for the LAST TIME. Meyerbeer's Music from *THE PROPHETS* will be executed, also for the last time; and the other portions of the Programme entirely changed, including M. JULLIEN's First Arrangement of GOD SAVE THE QUEEN, each bar being marked by the report of an 18-pound cannon, as performed at M. JULLIEN's First Concert Monstre at the Surrey Zoological Gardens, in 1845, before an audience of 12,000 persons.

**MEYERBEER'S MUSIC from THE CAMP OF SILESIA**, First Time in England. Among other Novelties, the Grand Triumphant March of "JULIUS CÆSAR," for Double Orchestra; Four Military Bands; Chorus; and Twenty Roman Trumpets, made on the model of the Roman bas-relief, by Messrs. PASK and KENIG, Strand, and performed by M.M. Koenig, A. Koenig, Urban, Davis, T. Davis, Cloff, Antoine, T. Harper, Smithers, Scheffer; and Ten of the best Trumpets, from the Horse Guards.—In order to give to this magnificent concert all the effect which it made on the Continent, the practices will be under the direction of Herr Koenig, and several careful Rehearsals will be directed by M. JULLIEN.

Tickets, price 2s. 6d., if taken before the 20th of July, or 5s. on the day of the Concert, may be obtained of JULLIEN & Co., 214, Regent Street. Gardens open at 4, commence at 5, and terminate before 10. With the magnificent addition of Fireworks, the Storming of Badajoz, &c.



## HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

### MADAME SONTAG.

The Nobility, Patrons of the Opera, and the Public are respectfully informed, that  
A GRAND EXTRA NIGHT

Will take place on Thursday next, July 19, on which occasion

### MADAME SONTAG

Will have the honour to appear in one of her favourite Characters,  
With various Entertainments in the Ballet Department,  
Comprising the talents of Madlle. Carolina Rosati, Mdles. Marra, Thomas-  
sini, Julien, Lamoureux, Pascales, Aussandon, Madlle. Petit Stephan; M. Dor,  
M. Charles, M.M. Venafr, Gouriet, Di Mattia, &c.

Doors open at Half-past Seven, the Opera to commence at Eight o'clock.

\*. The Free List is suspended, the Public Press excepted.

Applications for Boxes, Stalls, and Tickets to be made at the Box Office of the  
Theatre, where Pit Tickets may be obtained as usual, price 10s. 6d. each.



## THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

### MR. KENNEY,

(Author of "Raising the Wind," "Sweetheart and Wives," "Matrimony,"  
"Spring and Autumn," "The Irish Ambassador," "The World," &c.)

Begs to announce that several of the most popular Members of the Theatrical  
Profession having kindly offered to unite in a Performance for his BENEFIT,  
such Performance will take place at this Theatre on WEDNESDAY, JULY 25th,  
and will consist of A CURIOUS CASE, by Messrs. CHARLES MATHEWS and  
SELY, and Mrs. STIRLING. THE BEGGARS' OPERA, by Messrs. SIMS  
REEVES, F. MATTHEWS, G. COOKE, and WEBSTER; MESSAMES VESTRIS, FITZ-  
WILLIAM, and TAYLOR. After which, Mr. KENNEY'S Farce of LOVE, LAW,  
AND PHYSIC, by Messrs. WRIGHT, MEADOWS, G. COOKE, and Miss WOOLGAR.  
To conclude with BOX AND COX, by Mr. HARLEY and Mr. BUCKSTONE.

Tickets and Private Boxes to be had at Mr. KENNEY'S, 22, South Street,  
Brompton; Mr. MITCHELL'S Library, Old Bond Street; and at the Box-office,  
after Saturday.

## ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.

FRENCH PLAYS & OPERA COMIQUE.

LAST WEEK OF THE SEASON. M. ARNAL and MADAME DOCHE  
IN TWO AMUSING VAUDEVILLES.

M. ARNAL respectfully announces that his BENEFIT will take place on  
MONDAY, JULY 16th, when the Performances will commence at Half-past Seven  
o'clock precisely, with

### LES DEUX DIVORCES.

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### MONS<sup>R</sup>. ET MAD<sup>E</sup>. GALOCHARD.

GALOCHARD (Jardinier du Chateau de Fontainebleau) . . . M. ARNAL.  
MADAME GALOCHARD . . . MADAME DOCHE.

Which will be followed by the Vaudeville of

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To conclude with the admired Vaudeville of

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LOUISE (Femme d'Amilear) . . . MADAME DOCHE.

WEDNESDAY NEXT, JULY 18th, MADAME DOCHE'S BENEFIT, on which  
occasion she will have the honor of appearing (for that Night only) in the popular  
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in which M. ARNAL will perform, being positively the LAST NIGHT BUT ONE  
of the Company's performing this Season.

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Bond Street; and at the Box-Office of the Theatre, which is open Daily, from 11  
till 5 o'clock.

### SINGING.

### MR. MILLAR (of Bath),

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HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN DOWAGER.  
HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE ALBERT.  
HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE.  
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BASSI.

SIGNOR LABLACHE,  
MR. MACHIN.

Conductor . . . Mr. COSTA.

OUTLINE OF PERFORMANCES.

Tuesday Morning.—ORATORIO—(Elijah).

Wednesday Morning.—ORATORIO—(Athalie)—and SELECTION.

Thursday Morning.—ORATORIO—(Messiah).

Friday Morning.—ORATORIO—(Israel in Egypt)—and SELECTION.

Tuesday Evening.—GRAND CONCERT, comprising—

SYM. PASTORALE	. . .	Beethoven.
MARCH and CHORUS . (Ruins of Athens)	. . .	Beethoven.
OVERTURE . (Ruy Blas) MS.	. . .	Mendelssohn.
SELECTIONS FROM OPERAS, &c.		

Wednesday Evening.—GRAND CONCERT, comprising—

SYM. A MINOR . . .	. . .	Mendelssohn.
OVERTURE . . . (Oberon)	. . .	Weber.
OVERTURE . . . (Leonora)	. . .	Beethoven.
SELECTIONS from Huguenots, &c.		

Thursday Evening.—GRAND CONCERT, comprising—

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Walpur's Night . . .	. . .	Mendelssohn.
OVERTURE . . . (William Tell)	. . .	Rossini.
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